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# The Charmer

# [London]

# [18--]

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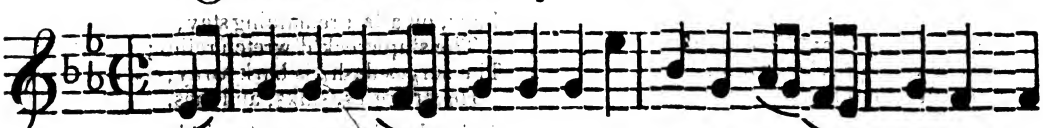
DAMAGED PAGE(S)

# THE CHARMER

## CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING SONGS,

Highland Lad my Love was born
The Soldier's Tear.
My Heart's True Blue
Hope is now no more.
Henry's Cottage Maid.
The deep deep Sea.
Safely follow Him.
The Butterfly was a Gentleman.
O saw ye my Father
Polwart on the Green.
Banks of the Blue Moselle.
My Arab Steed.
The Bloom is on the Rye.
Wine, Rosy Wine,
All the Lads in the Village, &c.
New King God bless him.
The Tartar Drum.
Spring : a Rural Song.
The Brigand's Ritornella.
Tweed-Side.
Corydon and Phillis.
The Willow Tree.
Green Hills of Tyrol.
The Evening Star.
The Frozen Tear.
Helen of Kirkconnell
My Pretty Page.
Jockey to the Fair.

## A Highland Lad my Love was born.



A Highland Lad my love was born, The Lowland laws he held to scorn,

*J. Catnach, Printer, 2 & 3, Monmouth court, 7 Dials.*

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

But he still was faithful to his clan, My gal - lant braw John Highlandman
Sing hey my braw John Highlandman, Sing ho my braw John Highlandman! Theres
not a lad in a' the lan', Can match wi' my braw Highlandman.

With his bonnet blue, and tartan plaid,
An' gude claymore down by his side;
The ladies hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey my braw, &c.

## Henry's Cottage Maid.

AH, where can fly my soul's true love?
Sad I wander this lone grove;
Sighs and tears for him I shed,
Henry is from Laura fled.
Thy love to me thou didst impart,
Thy love soon won my virgin heart;
But, dearest Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love, wtth thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad, with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green:
See, from my cheek, the colour flies;
And love's sweet hope within me dies;
For oh! dear Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love, with thy dear cottage maid.

## The Soldier's Tear.

UPON the hill he turn'd,
To take a last fond look,
Of the valley and village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
He listn'd to the sounds,
So familiar to his ear;
And the Soldier leant upon his sword
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch,
A girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which fluttered in the breeze!
She breath'd a pray'r for him,
A pray'r he could not hear,
But he paus'd to bless her as she knelt
And wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot
Ah! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
'Tho tears was on his cheek.
Go watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there,
Has wiped away a tear,

## My Heart's True Blue.

I NE'er will leave my native shore,
Home and friends I love so well;
Oh! let me bask within their smiles,
In their sunshine ever dwell.
There are bright eyes my love command,
A tongue as sweet as rosy dew:
England, dear England, still be mine,
And you shall find this heart true blue.

How welcome is the hour of eve,
When my dearest friends I meet;
Or, list'ning to the vows of love,
Convey'd as honied accents sweet:
Yes, there's a charm in those bright eyes,
That I will not for wealth forego:
England, dear England, thou art mine,
And you will find this heart true blue.

## Hope is now no More.

HOW blest'd was I when late hope smil'd
On her whom I adore;
Delusive hope the hours beguil'd,
But hope is now no more.

Thus, on a last remaining stay,
The shipwreck'd wretch relies;
The surges dash his bark away,---
He struggles, sinks, and dies.

So I, when late a parent smil'd
On her whom I adore,
With hope's vain dreams my hours beguil'd
But hope is now no more.

## The Deep Deep Sea.

OH come with me my love,
And our fairy home shall be;
Where the water spirits rove,
In the deep deep sea.

There are jewels rich and rare,
In the cavern of the deep;
And to braid thy raven hair,
There the pearl treasure sleep

In a tiny man of war,
Thou shalt stem the ocean tide;
Or in a chrystal car,
Sit a Queen in all her pride.

CHORUS.

Oh come with me my love,
And our fairy home shall be,
Where the water spirits rove,
In the deep deep sea.

Ah believe that love may dwell,
Where the coral branches twine;
And that every wreathed shell,
Breathes a tune as soft as thine

Hope as fond as thou wilt prove,
Truth as bright as ere was told;
Hearts as fond as those above,
Dwell beneath the water cold.
Oh come with me, &c.

## Safely Follow Him.

FOLLOW him, nor fearful deem,
Danger lurks in gipsey guile?
Rude and lawless tho' we seem,
Simple hearts we bear the while,
Then no robber fierce nor thief we fear,
Who's roused by night in savage den;
Fearless then, o'er mosses drear,
Barren wilds and lonesome glen,
Safely follow him, safely follow him,
Safely, safely follow him.

From rustic swains, the pretty bride,
Petty spoil from cot or farm;
Content the wandering gipsey tribe,
Whom the traveller never harm.
Then, no robber, &c.

## The Butterfly was a Gentleman

THE Butterfly was a gentleman,
Of no very good repute,
And he rov'd in the sunshine all day long,
In his scarlet and purple suit!
And he left his lady wife at home,
In her own secluded bower.
Whilst he like a bachelor flirted about
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,
And seldom from home she'd stir,
She loved him better than all the world,
Though little he cared for her!
Unheeded she past the day, she knew
Her lord was a rover then,
But when night came on,
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray
Some wild bird saw the neglected one,
And flew with her far away.
Then beware, ye Butterflies, all beware
If to you such a time should come,
Forsaken by wandering lights you'll wi
You'd have cherished the lamp at hom

## O saw ye my Father.

OSaw ye my father, or saw ye my mither,
Or saw ye my true love John?
I saw nae your father, I saw nae your mither,
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dong; (
He's met wi' some delay, that causes him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnnie's face it grew red,
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word replied,
Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up Johnnie rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin,
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at last? and do I hold ye fast?
And is my Johnnie true?
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like myself,
Sae lang shall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
And your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd fause, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour owre soon:
The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away.
And it was but a blink of the moon.

## Polwart on the Green.

AT Polwart on the green,
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn;
A kindly welcome you shall meet,
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na',
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the snaw,
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay,

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

...nces keen,
...heartsome day,
...ll beds be o'er thrang laid,
...d thou be twin'd of thine,
shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
tak a part of mine.

## ... the Banks of the Blue Moselle.

WHEN the glow-worm gilds the elfin bower,
That clings round the ruin'd shrine,
Where first we met, where first we loved,
And I confessed me thine:
'Tis there I'll fly to meet thee still,
At sound of vesper bell;
In the starry light of the summer night,
On the banks of the blue Moselle.

If the cares of life should shade thy brow,
Yes, yes, in our native bowers:
My lute and heart might best accord,
To tell of happier hours:
'Tis there I'd soothe thy grief to rest,
Each sigh of sorrow quell;
In the starry light of the summer night,
On the banks of the blue Moselle.

## Oh, bring me but my Arab Steed.

OH, bring me but my Arab steed,
My princely Frenzi's right,
And I will to the battle speed,
To guard him in the fight.
His noble crest I'll proudly wear,
And gird his scarf around;
But I must to the field repair,
For hark! the trumpets sound.

Oh, with my Arab steed I'll go,
'Mid battle's glorious cry;
My sovereign meets th' invading foe;
I'll save or with him die.
His faulchion 'midst the brave he'll bear;
His courser paws the ground;
But I must to the field repair,
For, hark! the trumpets sound.

## The Bloom is on the Rye.

MY pretty Jane my dearest Jane,
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me in the clover,
While the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights is coming love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
My pretty Jane, &c.

Then name the day, the happy day,
And I will buy the ring,
The lads and lasses all with favors white,
The village bells shall ring;
The spring is waning fast my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights is coming love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
My pretty Jane, &c

## Wine, Rosy Wine.

WINE, wine, rich and rosy wine!
In a goblet ever shine;
Chief of joys, I prize thee,
Some to gold may bend the knee,
But 'tis only sought by me,
Wine, because it buys thee.

Wine, though minister of mirth,
Wine, the best boon of the earth,
Be who will thy foeman,
Here I vow to stay by thee,
Long as thou wilt stay by me---
Longer sure can no man.

## All the Lads in the Village come wooing to me.

WHILE the girls of our village are dressing and gadding,
And flauntingly running to fair & to wake,
I peaceably stay in our neat little cottage,---
I bustle, I spin, I brew, and I bake:
I wear no fine satins, no feathers, no ribbons,
My dress is as simple, as simple can be;
Yet would you believe it---can you, sir, explain it? (me
All the lads of the village come wooing to

'Twas the squire, young and handsome, who gave me this rose-bud, (might lend;
And vow'd that my cheek brighter blushes
The lawyer, and captain too, ever are teazing,
And talking soft nonsense, I don't comprehend: (feathers,
The girls are quite jealous, in satins and
Tho' deck'd out on Sundays, as fine as can be; (plain it?
Yet would you believe it---can you sir, ex-
All the lads of the village come wooing to me.

## The New King God bless him.

COME fill me a bumper, and round let it pass,
But see that its fill'd to the brim,
To the health of my King, I've devoted my glass,
And it must be a bumper to him.
May peace and prosperity gladden his reign,
May his people in peace long possess him,
And for many a year may we echo the strain,
Here's a health to the King God bless him.

But drink it not singly, for Brothers the toast,
Should always united be seen,
And the pledge that our Monarch shall value the most,
Shall be health and long life to the Queen.
May their moments in peace and tranquility pass, (them,
May they live that we long may address

Upstanding, uncovered, round round let us
pass them.
Here's the King, and the Queen, God bless

## The Tartar Drum.

ROW thy Bark my gallant lover
Pensive e'er the rippling sea
And while moonlight gathers round thee,
Sadly sighing think on me:
'Neath the Tulip trees to meet thee,

No, or again thy love shall welcome
Where soft echo's voice responding
Tuneful mocks the Tartar drum.

Bending o'er thy gallant vessel,
Then no more shall I behold,
Like a spirit in the sunbeams,
Borne on waves of liquid gold:
To the rustic dance at evening,
Never more thy love shall come,
Where the mirthful cymbals jingle,
Joyous with the Tartar drum.

# SPRING: A RURAL SONG.

WHEN approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of *Spring*,
Swelling buds open first, and look gay;
When the birds on the boughs by their mates sit and sing,
And are danc'd by the breeze on each spray:
When gently descending, the rain in soft show'rs,
With its moisture refreshes the ground;
And the drops, as they hang on the plants & the flow'rs,
Like rich gems beam a lustre around.
When the wood pigeons sit on the branches and coo,
And the cuckoo proclaims with its voice,
That nature marks this for the season to woo,
And for all that can love to rejoice.
In a cottage at night may I spend all my time
In the fields and the meadows all day,
With a maiden whose charms are as yet in their prime,
Young as *April* and blooming as *May*.

When the lark with shrill notes sings aloft in the morn,
Let my fairest & I then awake,
View the far distant hills which the sunbeams adorn,
Then arise, and our cottage forsake.
When the sun shines so warm, that my charmer and I,
May recline on the turf without fear,
Let us there all vain thoughts & ambition defy
While we breathe the first sweets of the year.
Be this spot on a hill, & a spring from its side,
Bubble out, and transparently flow,
Creep gently along in meanders and glide
Thro' the vale strew'd with daisies below.
While the bee flies from blossom to blossom
And the violets their sweetness impart, (& sips
Let me hang on her neck & so taste from her lips
The rich cordial that thrills to the heart.
While the dove sits lamenting the loss of its mate,
Which the fowler has caught in his snares,

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

e think ourselves blest'd, that it is not our fate,
To endure such an absence as theirs.

May I listen to all her soft, tender, sweet notes
When she sings; and no sounds interfere,
But the warbling of birds, which in stretching their throats,
Are at strife to be louder than her.

When the daisies, and cowslips, and primroses
And chequer the meads, & the lawns, (blow
May we see bounding there the swift light-footed doe,
And pursue with our eyes the young fawns.

When the lapwings just fledg'd o'er the turf take their run,
And the firstlings are all at their play,
And the harmless young lambs skip about in
Let us then be as frolick as they. (the sun,

When I talk of my love, should I chance to
That she seems to mistrust what I say, (espy
By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
With my lips let me wipe it away.

If we sit, or we walk, may I cast round my
And let no single beauty escape, (eyes
But see none to create so much love and sur-
As her eyes, & her face, & her shape. (prize

Thus each day let us pass, till the buds spread to leaves,
And the meadows around us are mown,
When the lass on the sweet-smelling haycock
What she afterwards blushes to own (receives

When the ev'ning grows cool, and the flow'rs hang their heads
With the dew, then no longer we'll roam,
With my arm round her waist, in a path thro'
Let us hasten to find our way home. (the mead

When the birds are at roost, with their heads
Each one by the side of its mate; (in their wings
When a mist that arises, a drowsiness brings
Upon all but the owl and the bat:

When soft rest is requir'd, & the stars lend their
And all nature lies quiet and still; (light,
When no sound breaks the sacred repose of the
But, at distance the clack of a mill. (night

With peace for our pillow, and free from all
So that voices in whispers are known, (noise
Let us give and receive all the nameless soft
That are mus'd on by lovers alone. (joys,

## The Brigand's Ritornella.

THE balmy gale swept sweetly by
'Twas even's soft and silent hour,
When thrilling strains of music burst
In low tones from the jasmine bower;
The witching sweetness of the lay,
Like magic charmed young Isabella,
She never dreamt it might be traced
To the bold Brigand's Ritornella.

She hasten'd to the fairy spot,
Beguil'd by music's melting power,
The joyful Brigand seiz'd his prey,
And bore her panting from the bower.
Long years have roll'd away, her friends
Have ceased to mourn for Isabella,
But even now the minstrel warns
The maidens of the Ritornella.

Beware he sings my pretty fair,
Of being made a rover's booty
No forts, are e'er so much besieg'd
By love, as those of grace and beauty.
Then never list to flattering tales,
From any young and dashing fellow
But fancy when you hear them vow,
That its the Brigand's Ritornella.

## TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day!
Does Mary not tend a few sheep!
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep!
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray!
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed!
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed!

## Corydon and Phillis.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day,
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the fresh violets lay;

A youngling, it seems had been stole from its (dam
('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot)
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his (lamb
Arrive at this critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps
He saw the sweet maid with surprise.

"Ye Gods! if so killing, he cry'd," when she sleeps,
"I'm lost when she opens her eyes!

"To tarry much longer would hazard my heart
"I'll onwards, my lambkin to trace."
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For Love had him nail'd to the place.

"Hush, hush'd be these birds---what a bawling they keep!"
He cry'd; "you're too loud on the spray:
"Don't you see, foolish Lark,! that the charmer's asleep?
"You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day.

"How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!
"Her cheek he mistakes for the rose,
"I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid,
"My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile:
"Kind Shepherd," she said "you mistake;
"I laid myself down just to rest me a while
"But, trust me, have still been awake."

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow;
He placed himself close by her side,
And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

## The Willow Tree.

OH, take me to your arms, love, for keen is the wind doth blow,
Oh, take me to your arms, love, for bitter is my woe,
She hears me not, she cares not, nor will she list to me,
While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree.

My love has wealth and beauty, the rich attend the poor;
My love has wealth and beauty, and I, alas, am poor:
The ribband fair that bound her hair, is all that's left to me,
While here I lie, alone to die beneath the willow tree.

I once had gold & silver, I thought 'em without end,
I once had gold & silver, & I thought I had a friend:
My wealth is lost, my friend is false, my love he stole from me,
And here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree.

## Green Hills of Tyrol.

GREEN hills of Tyrol! again I see
The home of childhood so dear to me;
Again I press the verdant shade
Where oft my footsteps have wildly stray'd.

Once more I am near him
My own one! my fond one!
Again I shall hear him,
Love's accents repeat!
While to his sighs my heart replies.
And every glance is soft and sweet,
Green hills of Tyrol, &c.

From yonder woodlands sounding clear
His merry bugle note I hear,
With eye of hawk and swanon [illegible]
He comes, he comes,---my [illegible]

Once more I behold him,
My dear one! my fond one!
To my bosom I'll fold him,
My own Tyrolien!

Haste haste, my love! why linger now,
The sun is shedding its parting glow,
The chamois seeks his peaceful glade,
And homeward wanders the mountain maid.

Oh! come then and cheer me,
My own one! my fond one!
Again thou shalt hear me,
Sing love's tender strain,
While every note my lips repeat,
As soft and sweet thou'll breathe again
Haste, haste my love, &c

Hark hark! I hear his well known cry,
While answering echo makes reply;
Now, now he waves his scarf of green,
He comes, he comes---my Tyrolien!

Once more I behold him,
My dear one---my fond one!
To my bosom I'll fold him,
My own Tyrolien.

## The Evening Star.

AT close of day, when Evening Star,
It's gentle ray shall shine a-far,
Beneath the sun-set tree,
Bold hunters come dance with me;
Till high in heaven shall be
The Moon's paly racer.
At close of day, &c

When all is still, no sound of war,
On plain or hill our mirth to mar,
Then 'neath the sun-set tree,
Sweet Maiden I'll dance with thee,
Though fair the star may be
Thou art fairer far.
When all is still, &c

## The Frozen Tear.

ON beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept
Sweet maid it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd the wint'ry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away,
All night it lay a dew-drop there,
All morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eye'd Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her Diadem.

## Helen of Kirkconnell.

*By John Mayne, Esq.*

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
For, night and day, on me she cries;

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

And, an angel to the skies,
seems to beckon me!
For me she liv'd, for me she died,
For me she wished to be a bride,
For me, in life's sweet morn, she died,
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclin'd,
A rival, with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me:
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rush'd in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low,
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Though HEAVEN forbids my wrath to swell
I curse the hand by which she fell---
The fiend that made my Heav'n a Hell,
And tore my love from me!
For if, where all the graces shine,
O! if on earth there's aught divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine---
They center'd all in thee!

Ah! what avails it, that amain,
I clove th' assassin's head in twain!
No peace of mind, my Helen slain;
No resting place for me!
I see her spirit in the air---
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

O! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May HE who life and spirit gave,
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise;
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnell-Lee!

## My Pretty Page.

*Florence*

MY pretty Page look out afar,
Hear thou the thunder of the war?

*Page.*

No, fairest lady all is still,
Save Shepherd's Pipe upon the hill.

*Florence.*

My pretty Page look out again,
See you no warrior on the plain?

*Page.*

The loving birds I only see,
And Cow-boy whistling o'er the lea.

*Florence.*

Leave me I pray...

*Page.*

Dont send me away,
I shall weep if you do,
For I love you as well,
As you know who:

*Florence.*

As I know who?

*Page.*

Yes, as you know who

*Florence.*

Oh! may go and stay,

*Page.*

Dont send me away.

## Jockey to the Fair.

'TWAS on the merry month of May-day
When Nature painted all things gay
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair,
Young Jockey early on the morn,
Arose and tript it o'er the lawn,
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the Fair.
For Jenny had vow'd &c.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
While flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear:
He tap't the window, "haste my dear,"
Jenny impatient cried,
"'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, I've waited here
With Jockey to the Fair."
Step gently down, &c.

"My dad and mam are fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep,
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear;
And will you ever constant prove?"
"I will, by all the powers above!
And ne'er deceive my charming dove;
Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the Fair."
Dispel those doubts, &c.

"Behold the ring," the shepherd cried,
"Will Jenny be my charming bride,
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there."
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be constant, would be true;
His word was pledg'd, away she flew,
O'er cowslips dipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the Fair.
O'er cowslips dipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,
Their gay companions old and young,
Each join the dance, each join the throng,
To hail the happy pair:
In turns there's none so fond as they,
They bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the Fair,
When lovely Jenny, &c.

*J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.*